

# MOORE'S MELODIES.

Number One.

EIGHT SONGS AND BALLADS,

BY THOMAS MOORE.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.  
LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.  
FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.  
BELIEVE ME, &c.

WITH MOONLIGHT BEAMING.  
COME SING ME THAT SWEET AIR AGAIN  
FEAST OF ROSES.  
OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

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NEW YORK:  
E. FERRETT & Co.  
PHILADELPHIA—68 SOUTH FOURTH STREET.  
1845.

46

# 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

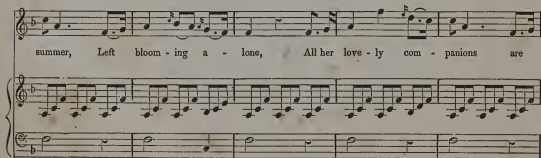
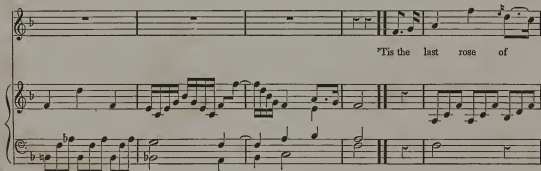
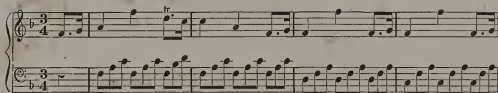
FROM

Moore's Irish Melodies,

AS SUNG BY

MADAME CARADORE ALLAN.

Feelingly.



Fa - ded and gone; No flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is

nigh, To re - flect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!  
 To pine on the stem;  
 Since the lovely are sleeping,  
 Go sleep thou with them;  
 Thus kindly I scatter  
 Thy leaves o'er the bed  
 Where thy mates of the garden  
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
 When friendships decay,  
 And from love's shining circle  
 The gems drop away!

When true hearts lie wither'd,  
 And fond ones are flown,  
 Oh! who would inhabit  
 This bleak world alone?

# LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

WRITTEN BY

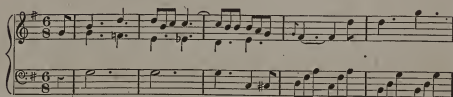
THOMAS DOORE.

ARRANGED BY

J. STEVENSON.

MODERATO

ESPRESSIVO.

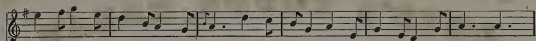


Oh! the days are gone, when beauty bright, My heart's chain

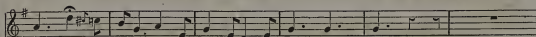
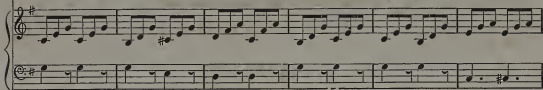
The first system of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a half note F#4, followed by a quarter note G4, and then a series of eighth notes: A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand in treble clef and a left hand in bass clef, both with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The right hand begins with a half note F#4, followed by a quarter note G4, and then a series of eighth notes: A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4. The left hand begins with a half note F#2, followed by a quarter note G2, and then a series of eighth notes: A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2, F#2, E2, D2, C2.

wove; When my dream of life, from morn till night, Was love, still love! New hope may bloom, and

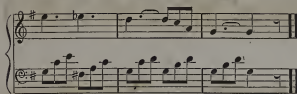
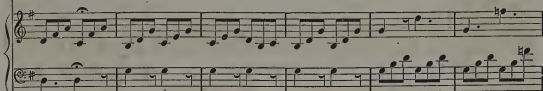
The second system of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a half note F#4, followed by a quarter note G4, and then a series of eighth notes: A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand in treble clef and a left hand in bass clef, both with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The right hand begins with a half note F#4, followed by a quarter note G4, and then a series of eighth notes: A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4. The left hand begins with a half note F#2, followed by a quarter note G2, and then a series of eighth notes: A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2, F#2, E2, D2, C2.



days may come, Of milder, calm - er beam, But there's nothing half so 'sweet in life, As love's young



dream, Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life, As love's young dream!



2  
Tho' the bard to a purer fame may soar,  
When wild youth 's past;  
Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd before,  
To smile at last;  
He'll never meet a joy so sweet,  
In all his noon of fame,  
As when first he sung to woman's ear  
His soul-felt flame,  
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear  
The once lov'd name!

Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,  
Which love first trac'd;  
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot  
On memory's waste!  
'Twas odour fled as soon as shed;

3

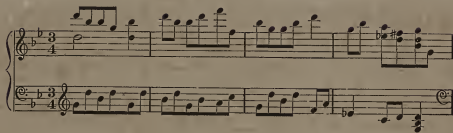
'Twas morning's winged dream!  
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again  
On life's dull stream!  
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again  
On life's dull stream!

# FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

WRITTEN BY

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

LIVELY  
AND SPIRITED.



Fill the bumper fair, Ev'ry drop we sprinkle O'er the brow of care Smoothes away a wrinkle:

Wit's e - lec - tric flame Ne'er so swiftly passes, As when thro' the frame It shoots from brimming glasses.

7

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "Fill the bumper fair, Ev'ry drop we sprinkle O'er the brow of care Smoothes away a wrinkle." The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with the piano part providing harmonic support through chords and single notes.

2

Sages can, they say,  
 Grasp the lightning's pinions,  
 And bring down its ray  
 From the star'd dominions:—  
 So we, sages, sit,  
 And, mid humpers, bright'ning,  
 From the Heav'n of Wit  
 Draw down all its lightning!  
 Fill the bumper fair! &c.

3

Wouldst thou know what first  
 Made our souls inherit  
 This ennobling thirst  
 For wine's enliv'ning spirit?  
 It chanced upon that day,  
 When, as hards inform us,  
 Prometheus stole away  
 The living fires that warm us.  
 Fill the bumper fair! &c.

4

The careless youth, when up  
 To Glory's fount aspiring,  
 Took nor urn nor cup  
 To hide the pilfer'd fire in:—  
 But oh his joy! when round  
 The halls of Heaven spying,  
 Amongst the stars he found  
 A howl of Bacchus lying.  
 Fill the bumper fair! &c.

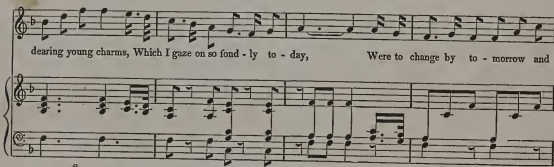
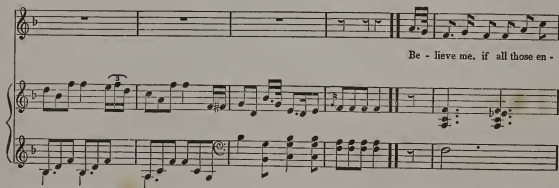
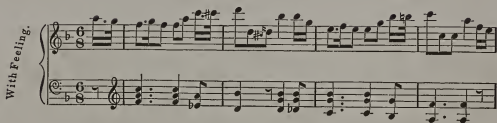
5

Some drops were in the bowl,  
 Remains of last night's pleasure,  
 With which the Sparks of Soul  
 Mix'd their burning treasure!  
 Hence the goblet's shower  
 Hath such spell to win us—  
 Hence its mighty power  
 O'er that Flame within us.  
 Fill the bumper fair! &c.

52  
BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

WRITTEN BY

Thomas Moore, Esq.





fleet in my arms, Like fai - ry gifts fading a - way, Thou wouldst still be a - dor'd as this

moment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will; And a - round the dear ru - in each

wish of my heart Would en - twine itself ver - dant - ly still.

2  
It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,  
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,  
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,  
To which time will but make thee more dear!  
For the heart that has truly lov'd, never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close;  
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,  
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

# WITH MOONLIGHT BEAMING.

Song or Duett.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

*Lighly.*

To halls of splen - dour . . . . . Let great ones

1st VERSE.—With moonlight beam - ing . . . . . Thus o'er the  
2d VERSE.—To halls of splen - dour . . . . . Let great ones

With moonlight beam - ing . . . . . Thus o'er the

*Fine.* *p*

hie; . . . . . Through light more ten - der . . . . . Our pathways lie . . . . . While

deep, . . . . . Who'd lin - ger dream - ing . . . . . In I - die sleep! . . . . . Leave  
hie; . . . . . Through light more ten - der . . . . . Our pathways lie . . . . . While

deep, . . . . . Who'd lin - ger dream - ing . . . . . In I - die sleep! . . . . . Leave

round, - - - from banks of brook or lake, - - - - - Our com - - - - pa-

joy - - - less souls to live by day, - - - - - Our life - - - be-

round, - - - from banks of brook or lake, - - - - - Our com - - - - pa-

joy - - - - less souls to live by day, - - - - - Our life - - - be-

- - - ny sweet echoes make; - - - - - And as we lend them Sweet word or

- - - gins with yonder ray, - - - - - And while thus bright - ly The mo - ments

- - - ny sweet echoes make; - - - - - And as we lend them sweet word or

- - - gins with yonder ray, - - - - - And while thus brightly The moments

strain, - - - - - Still back they send them more sweet a - gain, - - -

flee, - - - - - Our barks skim light - ly the shin - ing sea, - - -

strain, - - - - - Still back they send them more sweet a - gain, - - -

flee, - - - - - Our barks skim lightly the shin - ing sea, - - -

# COME SING ME THAT SWEET AIR AGAIN. T. Moore

Sung by Miss Poole.

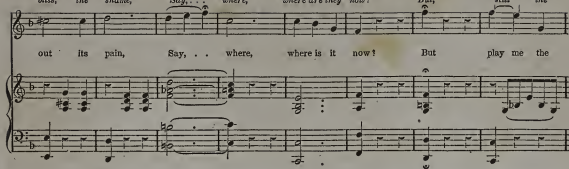
Piano.

Sweet air, how ev - ry note brings back Some sun - ny hope, some day - dream bright, That  
Come, sing me that sim - ple air a - gain, I used so to love in life's young day, And

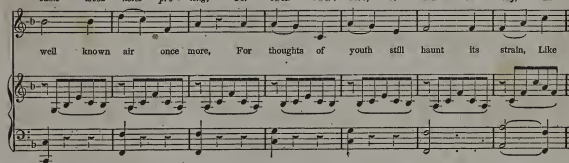
shin - ing o'er life's ear - ly track Filled e - ven its tears with light. The  
bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then, Were waken'd by that sweet lay. The

new found life that came . . . . . With love's first e - cho'd vow; The fear, the  
ten - der gloom its strain . . . . . Shed o'er the heart and brow, Grief's shadow, with-

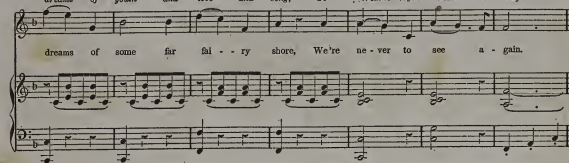
bliss, the shame, Say, . . . where, where are they now! But, still the  
out its pain, Say, . . . where, where is it now! But play me the



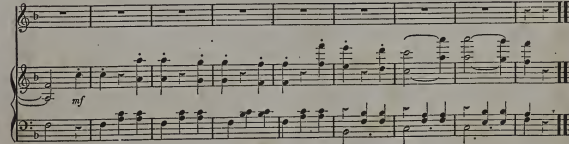
same loved notes pro - long, For sweet 'twere thus, to that old lay, In  
well known air once more, For thoughts of youth still haunt its strata, Like



dreams of youth and love and song, To breathe life's hour a - - way.  
dreams of some far fai - ry shore, We're ne - ver to see a - gain.

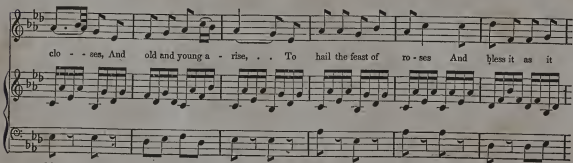
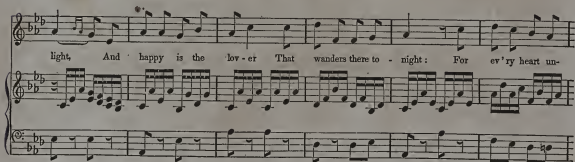
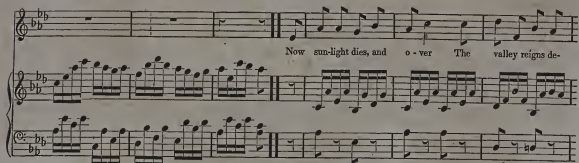
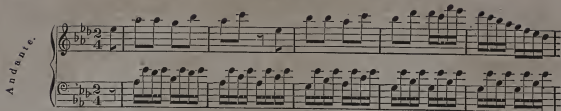


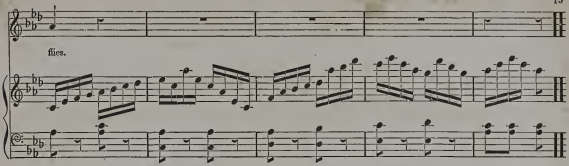
*mf*



# FEAST OF ROSES.

WORDS BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.





2

No sound is heard but pleasure  
No echo on the gale  
But music's varied measure  
Along that happy vale  
For all that sense can covet  
Each joy that earth can show  
Is lavished there to prove it  
The brightest spot below.

3

'Tis said the world above us  
Is one continued flow  
Of joy with those that love us  
Perhaps it may be so:  
But if this earth discloses  
Delights unknown elsewhere  
'Tis at the feast of roses  
Within thy vale Cashmere.



## 60

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

With melancholy Expression.

With melancholy Expression.

Sva -

On in the

silly night, Ere Blam - be's chain has bound - - me, Fond Mon - ry brings the light Of other days - -

found me, The smile, the tear, Of boy - - hood's years, The words of love then spo - - ken, The eyes that shone, Now

faded and gone, The cheer - ful hearts now bro - - ken! Thus, in the win - try night, Ere Blam - be's chain has

bound - - me, Sad Mon - ry brings the light Of other days - - passed me.

2d VERSE.

When I remember all  
The friends, so linked together,  
I've seen around me fall  
Like leaves in wintry weather;  
I feel like one who treads alone  
Some banquet-hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead,  
And all but he departed!

### 2d VERSE

When I remember all  
The friends, so link'd together,  
I've seen around me fall  
Like leaves in wintry weather;  
I feel like one who treads alone  
Some banquet-hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead,  
And all but he departed!  
Thus, in the still night, &c.

\* This will be found a useful lesson for young scholars on the Fiero-Forte. When not sung, the symphonies at the beginning and at the end of the Air should be left out. It also makes a good exercise for two equal voices, by using the small notes under the Air.